THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 180.

MR. SAUNTER,

FEW considerations tend more to establish the claims of women to intellectual equality with those whom strength has constituted their judges, than that of the fact so well known, that in every age the rank assigned them has been commensurate with the advance towards the civilized state. For as one of the principal and most obvious effects of civilization, when contrasted with barbarism, is to give superiority to those who possess mental, over those who possess corporal powers, it would be uncandid not to consider the disparity of the rank assigned to women in these different stages of society, as resulting in great measure from the disproportion of their intellects and strength: nor in this light has the denial of their claims to innate equality of intellectual power, any other effect with me, than that of evincing the absence of refinement in those with whom it originates. I say originates, because it may take place where it never would have originated, nor have been tolerated, were it not handed down in common with many other prejudices, from a barbarous ancestry. The habits both of thought and action, generated in the infancy of society, weigh heavily on it even after the causes of their origin have ceased to exist; for the mass of the world receive a large portion of their opinions by inheritance, and, unless under the impulse of passion, unwillingly submit them to change, since they can only judge of consequences by experience. Hence the mothers of the human race emerge but slowly from a degradation to which nothing could have subjected them originally, but a selfish barbarity. As the consequences of this degradation, I consider the denial of their innate intellectual equality, and their exclusion from the benefits of an extensive education. Both in the present, and in my last essay, I have combated the injustice of the first of these effects. I shall now say something against the propriety of the last.

Many have a prejudice against learning in women, from a crude observation on a few female pedants who attract notice by noise; when superior acquirements remain neglected, because concealed, though adorned by feminine diffidence and delicacy.

"I do not like your learned ladies." This shallow and illiberal, though current exclamation, has infinite weight. Indeed it ought to weigh with many who employ it, since they would certainly fall into contempt with their female companions, were the education of these but a little more extended. But, if there be any foundation for this horror of learning, in that more amiable portion of our species whose delicate susceptibility renders them more obe-

dient to every impulse, it is because they are rendered, by superior acquirements, the objects of admiration, criticism and scrutiny on the one side, and of envy, fear and jealousy on the other, which tend to produce vanity, a selfish irritability, and a spirit of resentment. Besides which, it must be admitted that learning, not from any peculiar tendency, but from a common influence, with every other source of singularity, may be injurious, by rendering a female too much the focus of public attention, which must always either wound or diminish feminine delicacy. But the sole way to lessen these only injurious concomitants of learning in women, is to diffuse it more universally. It would then no longer be the object of pointed admiration, envy, jealously or fear; and of course, no longer be productive of a vanity destructive of diffidence, nor of a resentment or irritability injurious to benevolence, while, ceasing to be singular it would cease to attract a scrutiny tending to infringe on the inviolability of female character.

So far as it may be in their power, it is without doubt the duty of every parent to provide for the physical wants, and mental improvement, of those of whose existence they are the cause. Of these duties the first is by far the most pressing, until health and comfort are ensured: but this so far provided for, the last becomes the most imperious. Now of these offices which is the most easily deputed? In regard either to expense or efficiency, it is not more easy to procure one who can perform the office of a domestic than of a preceptor? If the latter be the most noble occupation, should it not be held by the mother? nay, would not its most minute duties be fulfilled by her in every instance, with superior delight, interest and application, and in many cases with superior ability to any one to whom circumstances or situation would permit it to be deputised. Certainly if there be an early presumable cause of inequality between men, it must be founded on the mental disparity of those to whom they are indebted for their birth and earliest impressions; and, if there be an advantage in a constant intercourse with a mind highly cultivated and replete with information, who possesses this advantage in such perfection as he who finds such a mind in the mother of his children, in the conjugal partner of his fortunes? But, if it be admitted that woman is the most natural and most affectionate instructress of the child, and associate of the man; shall not the finger of scorn be raised against those who would condemn her to comparative ignorance? How is this consistent with the preservation of filial respect, so necessary to happiness in the mother, so favourable to virtue in the son. How is this sentiment staggered, when the schoolboy first detects the insufficiency of the being in whose supremacy he has hitherto reposed the most implicit confidence. From the defect of her knowledge in one point, will not her insufficiency in others be inferred? No longer comprehending the objects of his attention, she can no longer efficiently condemn or applaud: for censure or approbation, founded in ignorance, can neither stimulate nor encourage. His mind directed to objects she cannot reach, she daily feels herself less and less a companion to him: yet, this she must wish, that her son may be a companion to the learned; and they both, sooner or later, make the mortifying discovery that their minds, however kindred by nature, are completely dissevered by the wide diversity of the objects which occupy them. Here is a grand cause of the decay of filial respect. This sentiment, which is felt during childhood in its full force, in every stage of society, from a sense of inferiority or dependence, can, from a decrease of the sense of these ties only, sustain diminution. An advance towards maturity must, in every case, be attended by a decreasing sense of dependence on those whose care during infancy was so indispensable; but the period or degree of the decrease, in the other tie, depends very much on the state of civilization.

In those barbarous times, when men were unacquainted with the means of perpetuating their ideas, length of life

and extent of information were almost inseparably associated; and that respect, which is in every state of society attached to extensive information, were at these early periods the attribute of age. Hence the superior years of the parent were associated with the idea of superior wisdom. But when, through the medium of literature, the experience not of a life, but of ages; not of an individual, but of nations; condensed into a few volumes, may become the property even of a juvenile student: and when the accumulated observation of the longest life will scarcely balance the want of the humblest education, age frequently associated with comparative ignorance no longer commands the respect it had received as the repository of knowledge. Thus the only invariable source of parental superiority is annihilated: and of that veneration to which its temporary existence during childhood had given birth, nothing can continue but traces more or less durable, according to the qualities of the heart on which they were impressed. I conceive that instances rarely occur, where parents retain their superiority, that they cease to be the objects of respect. The consequence of each individual so much depends on that of the authors of his existence, that, in addition to habit and the affections of the heart, pride and vanity lead him to uphold them in his estimation: but, between a mind elevated by an extensive education, and strengthened by daily exercise in the paths of science and literature, and one wholly employed in the humblest duties of the housewife, there is a self-evident disparity, which, though it may not lessen the affections of the heart, must be destructive of the veneration of the mind. It may be objected, that a superiority so great and self-evident is rarely attained; but I answer, that every boy is put into the path which leads to the attainment of it, unless he be denied the benefit of a liberal education: and I ask, where are the parents who do not ardently desire that their daughter's son may reach this eminence: and if so, wherefore is the education lessened on her, so incompatible with these wishes, as to doom her to inferiority with her offspring.

ANALYTICUS.

For the Port Folio.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM ITALY,

Being the Continuation of a Series.

Florence, January 31, 1806.

The most celebrated institution of Florence is its Gallery of the Fine Arts, which, begun under Ferdinand II, and increased by his successors, now offers a collection scarcely inferior to any other in Europe. The dry enumeration of its riches would convey little information; but amidst the quantity of rare and valuable articles which compose it, I shall distinguish the most interesting. Two long and beautiful galleries are devoted to statuary. They are filled with valuable antiques, among which the series of Roman emperors is particularly worthy of attention. In an adjoining room is placed the famous groupe of Niobe. The members of this interesting family have been collected after a long separation, but, in spite of research and criticism, it would appear that all the children are not really those of Niobe. It is certainly a noble effort of sculpture: the figures, however, by being placed regularly round a room acquire a degree of coldness which might be avoided if they were thrown into some confusion, the more so as some of the attitudes become insignificant on account of the detached state in which the statues now are. For instance, one of the daughters is represented as weeping, with her eyes towards the ground, as if contemplating the death of her brother, whilst the brother is in another part of the room. This groupe has been the subject of much examination. For myself, judging from my feelings, my only guide on these occasions, I do not think this performance so wonderful as many represent it, though Guido is said to have studied it with great attention, and Winkelman, as usual, lavishes upon it his stream of eulogium.

In a room filled with Etruscan monuments and inscriptions is seen the ce-

lebrated masque of the Fawn, executed by Michael Angelo at the age of fifteen, and which introduced him to the patronage of Lorenzo. Under it is another of the great works of this wonderful master: I allude to the unfinished bust of Brutus, which, even now, is worthy of the subject and the artist. The character seems bursting through the marble, whose rudeness cannot conceal the masterly expression of the passions.

Two rooms are occupied by the portraits of the painters of all nations and ages, from Angelo to the artists of the day. This is a singular and interesting collection, for, besides the variety of costume and character it presents, it gratifies one of our most lively wishes, that of knowing what sort of a looking man was he whose works we admire. A more useful collection is however to be seen: a series of paintings arranged chronologically and indicating the progress of the art from the twilight of the eleventh to the meridian of the fifteenth century. Here can be traced the gradual improvements which approaching refinement has suggested, and we can follow Vasari through the gilded and misshapen figures without perspective or foreshortening, with which the art began, to the correct design, the elegant proportions, and the harmonious colouring which announces its maturity. The paintings of the different schools are arranged together so as to offer great advantages in discriminating their several characters. The Venetian collection is the richest, and possesses some fine pieces of Paul Veronese, Tintoret, and Titian. The Hermaphrodite of Florence, so called to distinguish it from that of the Borghese Palace, occupies a room by itself. It is difficult to decide between these two celebrated statues without seeing them together. A fine collection of ancient medals, and another of cameos, precious stones and vases, complete the circle of this great depository of the arts. The most admired works of the museum have however been selected and placed in a circular room called the Tribune, which unites some of the masterpieces of ancient and modern workmanship. The little figure of Apollo, called the *Apolline;* the two wrestlers, the dancing faun, and the figure which is known by the name of the spy, or the knife-grinder, are the chief works of sculpture. The vacant pedestal on which stood the Venus of Medicis attracts more attention by her absence than perhaps her presence would have caused. She was carried off by the French, and is now at Paris.

The Tribune is particularly rich in paintings. A piece by Perrugino is less interesting from its merits than because its author was the master of Raphael, three of whose works next engage attention. They are remarkable, as they are said to shew the progress of this painter, the first being done whilst he was under the influence of his master's taste, and the other two after he had formed and matured his own.

A female Bacchanal by Annibal Caracci, two pictures by Bartolemeo della Porta, two by Corregio, two of André del Sarto, and one of Guido, are among the most admired. There is also a picture of the Virgin, ascribed with confidence to Michael Angelo. It seems doubtful if this artist ever painted in this style, and surely if this picture has really a title to his name, it does him no honour, for it seems much inferior to several others in the collection. What pleased me the most, among the paintings of the Tribune, were the two Venuses of Titian. Of these two beautiful paintings, that said to have been his mistress is infinitely more agreeable than the one supposed to have been his wife; and there certainly needs no other reason for the superiority. The former is the most charming picture I have ever seen, and after making every allowance for the seductions of the subject: even the most rigid criticism has found much to admire in the manner in which it is treated.

This gallery is the only one that is public, that is to say, in the hands of the government. But all the others are open to strangers, who can visit without difficulty the collections of the palaces Pitti, Riccardi, &c. where there is

much to see and to admire. An establishment of a different kind is that of the museum formed by Leopold. This prince possessed the spirit, though he did not inherit the blood, of the Medici. His labours to improve the political position of his country do him infinite honour; and his attachment to science and the arts has embellished his character. The museum possesses the richest anatomical preparations of Italy, perhaps of Europe, a rich mineralogical collection and a considerable number of objects of natural history. The exertions of Leopold also established an academy for the promotion of the arts, which possesses some paintings of merit.

For the Port Folio.

POETICAL INQUIRIES.

No. 6.

THE MOALLAKAT.

POEM I.—BY AMRIOLKAIS.

The poet, after the manner of his countrymen, supposes himself attended by a company of friends; and, as they pass near a place, where his mistress had lately dwelled, but from which her tribe was then removed, *he desires them to stop awhile*, that he might [may] indulge the painful pleasure of weeping over the deserted remains of her tent. They comply with his request; but exhort him to show more strength of mind, and urge two topics of consolation; namely, *that he had before been equally unhappy*, and *that he had enjoyed his full share of pleasures:* thus, by the recollection of his passed delight, his imagination is kindled, and his grief suspended.

He then gives his friends a lively account of his juvenile frolics, to one of which they had alluded. It seems, he had been in love with a girl named On[illegible]a, and had in vain sought an occasion to declare his passion: one day, when her tribe had struck their tents, and were changing their station, the women, as usual, came behind the rest, with the servants and baggage, in carriages fixed on the backs of camels. Amriolkais advanced slowly, at a distance, and, when the men were out of sight, had the pleasure of seeing Onaiza retire, with a party of damsels, to a rivulet, or pool, called Daratjuljul, where they undressed themselves, and were bathing, when the lover appeared, dismounted from his camel, and sat down upon their clothes, proclaiming aloud, that *whoever would redeem her dress, must present herself naked before him.*

They adjured, entreated, expostulated; but, when it grew late, they found themselves obliged to submit, and all of them recovered their clothes, except Onaiza, who renewed her adjurations, and continued a long time in the water; at length, she also performed the condition, and dressed herself. Some hours had passed, when the girls complained of cold and hunger. Amriolkais, therefore, instantly *killed the young camel on which he had ridden;* and, having called the female attendants together, made a fire, and roasted him. The afternoon was spent in gay conversation, not without a cheerful cup; for he was provided with wine, in a leathern bottle; but, when it was time to follow the tribe, the prince (for such was his rank) had neither camel nor horse; and Onaiza, after much importunity, consented to take him *on her camel, before the carriage*, while the other damsels divided among themselves the less agreeable burden of his arms and the furniture of his beast.

He next relates his courtship of Fathima, and his more dangerous amour with a girl, of a tribe at war with his own, *whose beauties he very minutely and luxuriantly delineates.* From these love tales, he proceeds to the commendation of his own fortitude, when he was passing a desert in the darkest night; and the mention of the morning, which succeeded, leads him into *a long description of his hunter, and of a chase in the forest*, followed by a feast on the game, which had been pierced by his javelins.

Here, his narrative seems to be interrupted by *a storm of lightning and violent rain:* he nobly describes the shower, and the torrent which it produced down all the adjacent mountains; and his companions retiring to avoid the storm, the drama (for the

poem has the form of a dramatic pastoral) ends abruptly.

The above is the commentary of the translator. The reader will be particularly thankful for the anecdote of the pool of Daratjuljul, both because it is agreeable in itself, and because the particulars, derived, by Sir William Jones, from the Arabic commentators, are by no means discoverable in the poem.

This poem is of the lighter description. The topics are pleasing, and it displays very lively pictures of Arabian manners. Exclusively of the love-adventures of Amriolkais, its author, its principal features are the descriptions it contains of the personal beauties of women, of the rare qualities of the poet's horse, and of a thunder-storm.

The two first are distinguished by several very elegant passages. The second, which our readers may compare with Somervile, in his poem of the Chace, will gratify other jockeys than Arabian. The third is recommended by the rapid hand of a master. The poet catches only strong features. We are pleased with the novelty of the following simile: *O friend! seest thou the lightning, whose flashes* RESEMBLE THE QUICK GLANCE OF TWO HANDS, *amid clouds raised above clouds?*—The comparison of *Mount Tebeir*, striped with torrents, which *stands in the heights of the flood*, TO A VENERABLE CHIEF, WRAPPED IN A STRIPED MANTLE, is full of grandeur, in spite of what criticism might have said, on the comparison of a *mountain* with a *man*, instead of a *man* with a *mountain*, and a *striped mountain* with a *striped mantle*. It is, indeed, the counterpart of the simile—

Like a great sea-mark, braving ev'ry storm,
And saving those that eye him.

Striped mantles, or *haicks*, belong to the costume of the country, and often supply the Arabs with similes.

The morning that succeeds the storm is marked by strong characters. We see the *summit of Mogaimir*, as the poet intended we should, notwithstanding the violence of the simile. The return of cheerfulness is marked in the most decisive and admirable manner, by the *warbling at day-break*, of the *small birds of the valley;* while the *roots of wild onions*, though a mean image, are so employed, as to give the most vigorous picture of the devastation that has taken place.

In describing night, the poet speaks of the *stars, prevented from rising, as if they were bound to a solid cliff, with strong cables:* to relish the beauty of this figure, we must understand that the Arab poets, like the Greeks, compare the firmament to a sea: ασξ, ωκεανος.

THE POEM OF AMRIOLKAIS.

'Stay! let us weep, at the remembrance 'of our beloved, *at the sight of* the station 'where *her tent was raised*, by the edge of 'yon bending sands, between Dahul and 'Haumel, Tudam and Mikra; *a station* the 'marks of which are not wholly effaced, 'though the south wind and the north have 'woven twisted sand.'—*Thus I spoke, when* my companions stopped their coursers by my side, and said, 'Perish not through de-'spair; only be patient!'

A profusion of tears, *answered I*, is my sole relief; but what avails it to shed them over the remains of a deserted mansion?—'Thy condition,' they replied, 'is not more 'painful than when thou leftest Howaira, 'before thy present passion, and her neigh-'bour Rebaba, *on the hills of Mazel.*'

Yes, I rejoined, when those two damsels departed, musk diffused from their robes, as the eastern gale sheds the scent of the clove-gilly flowers: then gushed the tears from my eyes, through excess of regret, and flowed down my neck, till my sword-belt was drenched in the stream.

'Yet hast thou passed many days in sweet 'converse with the fair; but none so sweet 'as the day which thou spentest by *the pool* 'of Daratjuljul!'

On that day, I killed my camel, to give the virgins a feast; and oh! how strange it was that they should carry away his trappings and furniture!

The damsels continued till evening, helping one another to the roasted flesh, and to the delicate fat, like the fringe of white silk, finely woven.

On that happy day, I entered the carriage, the carriage of Onaiza, who said, 'Wo to thee! thou wilt compel me to walk 'on foot:' she added, while the vehicle was bent aside with our weight, 'O Amriolkais, 'descend, or my beast also will be killed!'

I answered, Proceed, and loosen his rein; nor withhold from me the fruits of thy love, which again and again may be tasted with rapture. Many a fair one, like thee, though not *like thee* a virgin, have I visited by night; and many a lovely mother have I diverted from the care of her yearling infant, adorned with amulets: when the suckling behind her

cried, she turned round to him with half her body; but half of it, pressed beneath my embrace, was not turned from me.

Delightful too was the day, when Fathima at first rejected me, on the summit of yon sandhill, and took an oath, which she declared inviolable.

O Fathima, said I, away with so much coyness! and, if thou hast resolved to abandon me, yet at last relent. If, indeed, my disposition and manners are unpleasing to thee, rend at once the mantle of thy heart, that it may be detached from thy love! Art thou so haughty, because my passion for thee destroys me, and because whatever thou commandest my heart performs? *Thou weepest;* yet thy tears flow merely to wound my heart with the shafts of thine eyes, my heart already broken to pieces, and agonising.

Besides these——with many a spotless virgin, whose tent had not yet been frequented, have I holden soft dalliance at perfect leisure. *To visit one of them*, I passed the guards of her bower, and a hostile tribe, who would have been eager to proclaim my death. It was the hour when the Pleiads appear in the firmament, like the folds of a silken sash variously decked with gems. I approached—she stood *expecting me* by the curtain; and, *as if she was preparing* for sleep, had put off all her vesture but her night-dress. She said—"By him who crea-"ted me (and gave me her hand), I am un-"able to refuse thee; for I perceive that "the blindness of thy passion is not to be "removed." Then I rose with her; and, as we walked, she drew over our footsteps the train of her pictured robe.

Soon as we had passed the habitations of her tribe, and come to the bosom of a vale surrounded by hillocks of spiry sand, I drew her gently to me by her curled locks, and she softly inclined to my embrace: her waist was gracefully slender; but sweetly swelled the part encircled with ornaments of gold. Delicate was her shape, fair her skin, and her body well proportioned: her bosom was smooth as a mirror, or like the pure egg of an ostrich, of a yellowish tint blended with white, and nourished by a stream of wholesome water, not yet disturbed. She turned aside and displayed her soft cheek: she gave a timid glance with languishing eyes, like those of a roe in *the groves* of Wegera, looking tenderly at her young. Her neck was like that of a milk-white hind; but, when she raised it, exceeded not the justest symmetry; nor was the neck of my beloved so unadorned. Her long coal-black hair decorated her back, thick and diffused, like the bunches of dates, clustering on a palm-tree. Her locks were elegantly turned above her head; and the riband, which bound them, was lost in her tresses, part braided, part dishevelled. She discovered a waist, taper as the stem of a young palm, or a fresh reed bending over the rivulet. When she sleeps at noon, her bed is sprinkled with musk: she puts on her robe of undress, but leaves the apron *to her handmaids*. She dispenses gifts with small delicate fingers, sweetly glowing at their tips, like the white and crimson worm of Daiba, or dentrifices made of Esel-wood. The brightness of her face illumines the veil of night, like the evening taper of a recluse hermit. On a girl like her, a girl of moderate height, between those who wear a frock and those who wear a gown, the most bashful man must look with an enamoured eye. The blind passions of men, for common objects of affection, are soon dispersed; but from the love of thee my heart cannot be released. Oh! how oft have I rejected the admonitions of a morose adviser, vehement in censuring my passion for thee; nor have I been moved by his reproaches!

Often has the Night drawn her skirts around me, like the billows of the ocean, to make trial of my fortitude, in a variety of cares; and I said to her (when she seemed to extend her sides, to drag on her unwieldy length, and to advance slowly with her breast), "Dispel thy gloom, O tedious night! "that the morning may rise; although my "sorrows are such that the morning light "will not give more comfort than thy "shades."

O hideous night! a night in which the stars are prevented from rising, as if they were bound to a solid cliff, with strong cables!

Often too have I arisen at early dawn, while the birds were yet in their nests, and mounted a hunter with smooth short hair, of a full height, and so fleet as to make captive the beasts of the forest; ready in turning, quick in pursuing, bold in advancing, firm in backing, and performing the whole with the strength and swiftness of a vast rock, which a torrent has pushed from its lofty base; a bright bay steed, from whose polished back the trappings slide, as drops of rain glide hastily down the slippery marble. Even in his weakest state, he seems to boil while he runs; and the sound, which he makes in his rage, is like that of a bubbling cauldron. When other horses swim through the air, are languid and kick the dust, he rushes like a flood, and strikes the hard earth with his hoof. He makes the light youth slide from his seat, and violently shakes the skirts of a heavier and more stubborn rider; rapid as the pierced wood in the hands of a playful child, which he whirls quickly round with a well fastened cord. He has the loins of an antelope and the thighs of an ostrich; he trots like a wolf, and gallops like a young fox. Firm are his haunches; and, when his hinder parts are turned toward you, he fills the space between his

legs with a long thick tail, which touches not the ground, and inclines not to either side. His back, when he stands in his stall, resembles the smooth stone on which perfumes are prepared for a bride, or the seeds of coloquinteda are bruised. The blood of the swift game, which remains on his neck, is like the crimson juice of hinna, on grey flowing locks. He bears us speedily to a herd of wild cattle, in which the heifers are fair as the virgins, in black trailing robes, who dance round *the idol* Dewaar; they turn their backs, and appear like the variegated shells of Yuner, on the neck of a youth distinguished from his tribe for a multitude of noble kinsmen. He soon brings up the foremost of the beasts, and leaves the rest far behind; nor has the herd time to disperse itself. He runs from wild bulls to wild heifers, and overpowers them, in a single heat, without being bathed, or even moistened with sweat. Then, the busy cook dresses the game, roasting part, baking a part on hot stones, and quickly boiling the rest in a vessel of iron. In the evening, we depart; and, when the beholder's eye ascends to the head of my hunter, and then descends to his feet, it is unable to take in at once all his beauties. His trappings and girths are still upon him: he stands erect before me, not yet loosed for pasture.

O friend! seest thou the lightning, whose flashes resemble the quick glance of two hands, amid clouds raised above clouds? The fire of it gleams like the lamps of a hermit, when the oil, poured on them, shakes the cord by which they are suspended. I sit gazing at it, while my companions stand between Daarridge and Odhaib; but far distant is the cloud on which my eyes are fixed. Its right side seems to pour its rain on *the hills of* Katan, and its left on *the mountains of* Sitaar and Yadbul. It continues to discharge its waters over Cotaifa, till the rushing torrent lays prostrate the groves of *Cannabel*-trees. It passes over mount Kenaan, which it deluges in its course, and forces the wild goats to descend from every cliff. On *mount* Faina, it leaves not one trunk of a palm-tree, nor a single edifice which is not built with well-cemented stone. Mount Tebeir stands, in the heights of the flood, like a venerable chief wrapped in a striped mantle. The summit of Mogaimir, covered with the the rubbish which the torrent has rolled down, looks in the morning like the top of a spindle encircled with wool. The cloud unloads its freight on the desert of Ghabeit, like a merchant of Yemen, alighting with his bales of rich apparel. The small birds of the valley warble at daybreak, as if they had taken their early draught, of generous wine mixed with spice. The beasts of the wood, drowned in the floods of night, float, like the roots of wild onions, at the distant edge of the lake.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

FROM THE NORFOLK HERALD.

No one can feel more admiration than I do for the transcendent flights and creative powers of the mind of *Shakspeare*—nor is it perhaps in the power of time to shake the colossal pillar of his fame. But, notwithstanding all this, I dare accuse him, in one instance, of direct plagiarism.

In the play of *The Tempest*, he appears to have exhausted his own prodigious powers, and to have fled to antiquity for aid.

The following is one of the most admired passages in the English language; but it is almost a literal translation from Medea's Invocation, in the 7th book of Ovid. The curious reader may compare them.

SHAKSPEARE.

" Ye Elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves, and ye that on the sands, with printless feet, do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him when he comes back.

" Ye demi-puppets, that by moonshine make the green, sour ringlet, whereof the Ewe not bites, and ye whose pastime 'tis to make midnight mushrooms, that delight to hear the solemn curfew—*by whose aid* (weak masters though ye be)—I have bedimmed the noontide sun, *called forth the mutinous winds, and 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault set roaring war.* To the dread rattling thunder have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak with his own bolt—the *strong based promontory have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck up the pine and cedar. Graves by my command have oped, and waked their sleepers.*"

OVID.

Auræque, et venti monteque, amnesque, lacusque,
Diique omnes nemorum, Diique omnes noctis adeste:
Quorum ope, cum volui, ripis mirantibus amnes
In fontes redire suos: *concussaque* sisto,
Stantia concutio cantu *freta; nubila pello;*
Nubilaque induco; ventos abigoque vocoque:

Vipereas rumpo verbis & carmine fauces:
Vivaque saxa, sua convulsaque robora terra,
Et silvas moveo; jubeoque tremiscere montes,
Et mugire solum, *manesque exire sepulchris.*

The printing in Italicks marks where the translation is almost literal. It is possible that two separate imaginations might possess the same ideas; but whether it is possible for them to arrange and separate the parts in the same manner at the distance of 2000 years of time, and use the same words, other Criticks must determine—the "*by whose aid,*" in the English Poet, and "Quorum ope," mark the same division of the subjects in the same words.

RETIRED GREATNESS, DISCRIMINATED.

Mrs. Montagu's Visit to Mr. Burke.

Extract from one of her letters, Aug. 16, 1771.

I went a few miles out of my road to Sandleford, to fulfil my old promise to Mr. Burke at Beaconsfield. In his retirement, Mr. Burke is an industrious farmer, a polite husband, a kind master, a charitable neighbour and a most excellent companion. The demons of Ambition and Party, who hover about Westminster, do not extend their influence as far as the villa. I know not why it is that these busy spirits seem more tranquil and placid in their days of retreat, than the honest dull justice of the Quorum, who never stretched out his hand to snatch the sceptre of power, nor raised his voice in public to fill the trumpet of fame. A little mind is ever in a *tracasserie*, because it is moved by little things. I have always found that nothing is so gentle as the Chief out of war, nor so serene as the Statesman out of place. I so much delight in these working master-spirits in their holiday humour, that I had rather play at tee-to-tum or cross and pile with Julius Cæsar than Sardanapalus. The first would have the ease and indifference which belong to play, the other, the seriousness and anxiety which belong to business.

SIR,

The following passage from D'Alembert's Histoire des Membres de l' Académie Française closely resembles one (nomine mutato) in the life of the *original* Dr. Franklin; 'Puimorin and some friends agreed that the first of them who should die would give the other an account of his situation.'

JOHN BULL.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. John Watts has just published, in a volume of 240 pages, *The Life of William Pitt*, late prime minister of Great Britain, to which are added, by the American Editor, Biographical Sketches of his principal friends and illustrious contemporaries, and a preface, in which there is an attempt to delineate a sort of miniature picture of PITT.

This valuable volume is neatly printed, by Mr. T. S. Manning. Its motto, selected by the American publisher, is, we think, exceedingly happy and appropriate. It is that exquisite passage from Shakspeare's Henry VIII, where the poet introduces Griffith, "that honest chronicler," pronouncing her just eulogium upon Cardinal Wolsey:

He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one,
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.

These four lines describe, with wonderful precision and accuracy, the leading features in the character of the brightest son of Chatham.

This instructive biography conveys, in a neat, rapid, and succinct style of narrative, a very vivid idea of the political campaigns of this *Martinet* minister; an excellent summary of his speeches, and a clear sketch of the politics of his time. The anecdotes of his friends and his rivals are often amusing, as well as instructive. They have been selected with judgment, not, as has been insidiously suggested, from "Public Characters" and obsolete Magazines, but from a very *recent* and authentic work, published, not more than three months, in Great Britain, and almost wholly unknown in America.

This volume is ornamented by a very spirited and excellent engraving, exe-

cuted by the ingenious Mr. Edwin, whom we mention with emphasis, as a very deserving and able artist. His model was a capital engraving, from an original painting by *Gainsborough*, and said to be an admirable likeness.

Without pretending to any thing like Plutarch's power, we have often thought that the characters of EDMUND BURKE and WILLIAM PITT, the two greatest statesmen of their time, might be easily and usefully compared.

Though they were widely different in many particulars, yet a parallel might easily be run between them. Both were ambitious, both honest, both eloquent, both were sagacious and prescient, both were eternal enemies to jacobinism, both cherished, like Horace and Swift, a most SOVEREIGN CONTEMPT for the populace, and both have been taxed with political apostacy. From this charge it is easy to vindicate the Sublime and Beautiful Orator and the youngest son of Chatham. What has been remarked of the capricious humour of Voltaire may be applied, with perfect propriety, to the vicissitudes of political opinion. In the morning of life, men are like Aristippus, and in the evening like Diogenes. Sanguine, credulous, unsuspecting and kind, with the warmth of lovers and the hopes of projectors, almost all young men are *patriots*. They worship the image of a fantastic liberty; they dream of her as of a favourite and delicious mistress; they write orations and songs in her praise. In the glare of early light viewing their species as only a *little* lower than *angelic* nature itself, they suppose men may be governed under the Utopia of More, or the Oceana of Harrington. No drivelling speculation that John Locke or Algernon Sidney has hazarded respecting Civil Liberty and Natural Rights, but appears in the shape of a mathematical demonstration. The wildest ideas of Plato, the most criminal excesses of a Cromwell, are accounted laudable, if they have this effect to jumble men together in a Commonwealth But these dreams, like other dreams vanish when the eye of Experience expands, and the powers of Reason are broad awake. PITT and BURKE in their juvenile years, and long before the season of *ministerial manhood* had arrived, indulged themselves, in some of the finest reveries of whiggism. At a later age, in dreams of *intellectual* night, when *deep sleep* falls upon man, they fancied there shone, *in the distance*, many a glittering shape of national reformation. But these slumbers were soon broken by the dissonance of the herd without, and the wild uproar of revolution. When the reign of Experience was fully confirmed, when Pitt and Burke had compared speculation with facts, and surveyed man as he is, they then discovered, that he is a *wild ass's colt*, formed not to be indulged, but to be subdued. If this be branded with the reproachful term of apostacy, they are apostates. In the strongest noon-day glare of sagacity, they perceived their early political errors, and they renounced them. When they became *men* they put away *childish* things.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

The following verses were written on a libertine, who affected, in his old age, to boast of his reformation.

Des Barreaux, ce vieux débauché,
Affecte une réforme austère;
Il n' a pourtant retranché,
Que ce qu'il ne sauroit plus faire.

IMITATED.

Des Barreaux, impotent and old,
Assum'd a very solemn brow;
The man is alter'd, we are told,
How much reform'd, we cannot know.
When reformation thus begins,
With legs so weak, and eyes so dim;
'Tis doubtful if he quits his sins,
Or if his sins have quitted him.

From Catullus.

TO LESBIA.

No girl can boast a lover half so true,
As I, my Lesbia, still have prov'd to you;
No league of faith was e'er so firmly bound,
As that which you within my breast have found.

A Pugilist has lately published a treatise on the art of boxing, *with cuts*.

The following song is extremely well written, and has a most pleasing cadence. We have often listened to it with delight, because we admire the sentiment, and because it is frequently warbled to us by one whom all, who have not *Tramontane* ears, salute with the title of "*The little Nightingale.*"

The British tar no peril knows,
But fearless braves the angry deep;
The ship 's his cradle of repose,
And sweetly rocks him to his sleep:
He, though the raging surges swell,
In his hammock swings,
While the steersman sings,
Steady she goes, all 's well,
All 's well,
Steady she goes.

While on the main-top-mast he springs,
An English vessel heaves in view;
He asks, but she no letter brings,
From bonny Kate he lov'd so true:
Then sighs he for his native dell,
Yet, to hope he clings,
While the steersman sings, &c.

The storm is past, the battle 's o'er,
Nature and man repose in peace;
Then homeward bound, on England's shore
He hopes for joys that ne'er will cease.
His Kate's sweet voice those joys foretel,
And his big heart springs,
While the steersman sings, &c.

From a London paper.

THE BELLES.

Says a Captain, so pert, as he handed Miss down,
"You 've a great many *Belles* for a small country town."
Miss simply replied—"Sir, few towns can boast more,
In the great church there 's *six*, in the little one *four*."

On the trial and condemnation of an ass, in France, for drinking holy water, which the Roman catholics deemed an act of sacrilege.

With the English, to France licentiousness passes,
Things sacred in both are abused by asses;
They learn our laws too, let him tremble, who hears
That asses in France are now tried by their peers.

EPITAPH ON AN ATHEIST.

Here lies one who ne'er believ'd
In God or devil, while he liv'd;
Yet now, though late, he 'll take his oath
Of the reality of *both*.

On Husband's poems, printed in sheets, by subscription.

The author's name is sure a bribe,
To tempt the fair one to subscribe;
Here each indulgent female meets
A *Husband*, and what 's more—in *sheets*.
Here you may turn him o'er and o'er,
He wishes he could please you more;
But, if to please you he be found,
He is contented to be bound.

Honest Cornutus, to his spouse's labour,
Having invited every useful neighbour,
With tears stood listening to the groans she sent,
Thinking himself the wicked instrument
Of those affecting shrieks and rueful cries;
Which she observing, bade him wipe his eyes;
"Your grief on this account, my dear, refrain;
"I can't blame *you* as author of my pain."

A Glee, translated from the Greek.

The girl that I love lately gave me a kiss,
And the dew of her lip seal'd the ravishing bliss.
Of nectar the kiss, for her breath gave its bloom;
Her breath was the nectar's delicious perfume.
Now full flowing bumpers of rapture I prove,
And tipsey with joy, I 'm a Bacchus in love.

Song, by Anna Seward.

Now Spring wakes the May-morn, the sweetest of hours
Calls the lark to the sun-beam, the bee to the flowers;
Calls youth, love and beauty, to hail the new day,
And twine all their garlands in honour of May:
But think not, amid the gay pleasures they bring,
That moments, so jocund, will pause on their wing.

Obey, my fair Laura, the summons that breathes
In the scent of the flowers or hue of the leaves;
In the hymn of the woodlands, for love is the lay,
And fragrance and lustre are types of his sway;
More *sweet* are his accents, more *rosy* his spring,
And O! not less *rapid* the flight of his wing.

When Boileau launched any work into the world, he heard the attacks of the critics, however severe, with great attention and patience; observing shrewdly:—Well, those are the worst works, of which nobody speaks at all.

Of Moliere Boileau spoke in terms of warm and uniform applause. He entitled him, The Observer. He used to say, that nature seemed to have unveiled to Moliere her most secret treasures of knowledge in the morals and manners of mankind. He used to add that Moliere always thought with correctness, but wrote often with negligence. This fault of style was common to him and La Fontaine, who, hurried on by the ardour of composition, never looked back with the intention of revising his errors. Boileau used to lament the loss of Moliere's short comedy of the Amorous Professor; as, even in his smallest works, much wit and humour always shone forth.

Moliere, on and off the stage, exhibited great comic powers; his mirth, his sentiments, and his whole conversation were liberal, and becoming a gentleman. The only circumstance degrading to him was the profession of a player; the labours of which he sustained more for the sake of the advantages accruing to his associates than to himself.

The old Duke de la Feuillade, meeting Boileau one day in the gallery of Versailles, repeated to him a Sonnet of Charleval, which ended with these lines:

Ne regardez point ma visage;
Regardez seulement à ma tendre amitié.

The poet answered, that he saw nothing remarkably good in the Sonnet; and objected to these two lines, on account of the play of words, which they contained. The Duke perceiving the Princess Royal coming through the gallery, he read the Sonnet hastily to her as she passed. The lady told him it was very fine. The Duke returned to Boileau; and, in a sneering manner observed, that he must have a very fastidious taste, if he disapproved verses which both the King and the Princess had praised. I do not doubt the King's superiority in taking towns and gaining battles, nor do I doubt the talents of Madame the Princess, but in regard to a knowledge of poetry, replied Boileau, I think I am least their equal. The Duke ran in great haste to the King, and told him, with strong marks of disquiet and indignation, the arrogant speech of the poet. My lord, replied the King, I am sorry to say that I am obliged to confess, that M. Boileau is perfectly right.

It might be a subject of very curious and extensive speculation, to examine how far some of the most ordinary stimuli which operate on the nervous system, are to be shunned without destroying the sum of pleasurable sensations. MARTIAL, in a line of one of his epigrams, has stated the inevitable result of the operation of three of the Powers invoked to quicken life, and that result is destruction; and yet, in the next line, he tells an eternal truth, which neither the shivering water drinker, nor the sturdy moralist, can repel. I borrow the translation from DARWIN.

Balnea, vina, Venus, corrumpunt corpora nostra:
At faciunt vitam balnea, vina, Venus!
Wine, women, warmth, against our lives combine;
But what is life, without warmth, women, wine!

Or, as Mr. Christie translates it—

Wine, warmth and love our vigour drain,
Yet wine, warmth, love, our life sustain.

A Frenchman, with characteristic ardour, is described in a humorous apologue, which I perused when a boy, as subscribing very implicitly to the truth of the last line in our poet. Valetudinary, spiritless and whimsical, he consults a son of Galen, who prescribes many a bitter potion. By way of consolation for so unpleasant a regimen, the patient hopes that he may be suffered to taste a little wine, or to see his mistress, or to enjoy

The converse of some favourite friend,
"Neither, if er'e your hope to mend"
Three nods prophetic loudly cry;
Then, doctor, clip my mortal twine,
For, kept from friends, from love and wine,
It matters not how soon I die.

It must be confessed that, destitute of the company of a single friend, unable to obtain the juice of the grape, unblessed by the smiles of the fair, and

interdicted from the luxury of the tepid bath, a man of no more than common sensibility would find life but a weary road. It is doubted whether intellectual exercises of the most sublime and beautiful nature would be sufficient, in any tolerable degree, to make him pass one tenth of his time in comfort. The Balnea, the vina, and the Venus, must sometimes be associated with Minerva and the Muses. This was Sir William Jones's opinion. Away then with that medical philosophy, which is so fashionable among a knot of fantastic innovators, both abroad and at home, which, under pretence of prolonging life, actually robs it of half its comforts.

Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The attraction of last night was a new Farce, called *The Weathercock*. It derives its name from *Tristam*, a young gentlemen, of a fickle temper, who has been constantly changing his pursuits in life. The piece commences with his father, on his determining to become a lawyer, and the audience are introduced to his study, where he puts on his wig and gown, places his servant, *Sneer*, in a great chair, addresses him as judge, and gives some very humorous imitations of a modern lawyer. He then changes, successively, to an *Actor*, a *Soldier*, a *Gardener*, a *Quaker*, and lastly, a *Man of Fashion;* and receives the hand of his *Marianne*. Miss De CAMP was the fascinating *Marianne*, who had captivated the hero, at a masquerade, in the character of a fair *Savoyard*. She again appears before him in a garden, dances and sings, accompanying herself on the triangle; and, while he is preparing to address her, she goes to the side of the stage, and returns a *fair Quaker*. *Brief-wit*, a lawyer of the old school, who deals in monosyllables, was well supported by Mr. MATHEWS. The author intended it as a *farce* of the broadest kind, and has completely succeeded. It was received throughout with the loudest applause.

A— was in every respect a philosopher, in his conduct and disposition. At the death of Marshal Turenne, when this event was the subject of conversation, an impudent fellow said, Here is the great Turenne dead, and Mr. A— alive. The philosopher looked at the speaker with much complacency. If great men die sooner than others, I may congratulate you, sir, on very many years to come.

On the Misses —— three beautiful Highland ladies.

From Scottish mountains, hid in clouds,
What heavenly forms descend!
No more, ye maids of English birth,
To beauty's crown pretend.
Forbear to boast your rosy bloom,
A transitory dye:
Faint, near these denizens of air,
And inmates of the sky.
Nor strange, their beauty earlier dawns,
And later knows decay;
Who, when from Heaven their sisters fell,
Dropt only half the way.

Theodore Beza, among his "Juvenilia," has published a copy of verses, beginning with

Vos teneri rores calathos quibus aurea gaudet
Venus rosarum aspergere, &c.

Mons. Chevreau has thus translated them,

Je goûtois des baisers sur la bouche d'Aminte,
Mais si doux, qu'auprès d'eux et le sucre et le miel,
Et le nectar que l'on boit dans le ciel,
Ont l'amertume de l'absinte.
Quand éveillé d'un songe aussi court que charmant,
Je n'ai pû sentir qu'un moment,
De ses heureux baisers la douceur nonpareille.
O destiné, trop jalouse de mon contentement!
Souffrez, si je ne puis la baiser quand je veille,
Qu'au moins je la baise en dormant.

IMITATED.

One eve, my lovely Ann I kiss'd,
And found her lips so very sweet,
Sugar and honey, once a treat,
Now seem'd like bitter gall, I wist,
And nectar pleas'd no more.

But from this short delicious dream,
How soon I wak'd, a wretched wight,
Too quickly robb'd of my delight,
Of happiness a short liv'd beam.
The fates I 'gan implore,

(As with my Anna, when awake,
These liberties I could not take,)
To grant me this small boon,
Then, when of Ann in sleep again,
I chance to think, may I remain
Entranc'd, nor wake so soon.

It is observed that avarice survives all other passions, and exists till death. M. de M—— having made his will on his death bed, made this memorandum, That such a particular notary should not engross it, as his bills were extravagant.

Boileau was not entirely superior to uneasiness, occasioned by the abuse published against him, but was the first person to applaud *ingenious* satire at his own expense. I look on myself, says he, like an enchanted hero, whom the blows of his enemies either do not reach, or wound very slightly. With all their malice, he would add, they have not found out the vulnerable part of Achilles. Where does it lie? said a friend. That I shall not tell you, replied the satirist; you must find that out. It is probable that he alluded to the lameness of his prose writings, particularly in his prefaces; the character of which is too monotonous.

What Boileau most admired in Homer, was the poet's talents of exalting trifles by the nobleness of his expressions. In this circumstance, added he, lies the genius and art of the poet. For great things support themselves by their own grandeur and solidity. He used to quote the following song of an unknown writer as an instance of beautiful simplicity of style.

La charmante Bergère,
Ecoutant ses discours,
D'une main ménagère
Alloit filant toujours;
Et doucement atteinte
D'une si tendre plainte,
Fit tomber par trois fois
Le fuseau de ses doigts.

IMITATED.

The shepherdess so young and fair,
To Strephon's story lent her ear;
While with a taper hand she plied
The thrifty spindle at her side.
Soon, by the fond repeated vow
The lass was mov'd, she knew not how,
By Pity's sympathetic spell,
Thrice from her hand the spindle fell.

Though the disposition of Boileau was very satirical, yet he never withheld his approbation from any composition in which he discovered proofs of genius or talent. When a friend read to him a work of this description, the satisfaction which he felt flashed in his eyes and thundered in his speech. Yet he seemed no longer master of opposite sensations to these, when any absurd specimen of verse or prose was brought before him. On the Abbé de Villiers reading to him a short poem, in which the expression of *mauvais vent* occurred, he jumped suddenly from his seat, and exclaimed, Ah, Monsieur, that phrase will make your whole poem stink.

Boileau never dined with any of his most intimate friends, without being invited, observing that a certain pride of this kind was characteristic of men of honourable genius.

Boileau highly commended the prose writings of Scarron, and thought his style in this mode of composition very beautiful, particularly the prose of his Comic Romance. Scarron, added he, has great variety as well as sweetness in the arrangement of the language; and he possesses the happiest method of rescuing trifling circumstances from the contempt of the reader, by his way of relating them. Boileau wished that the Comic Romance should be continued: and had collected memoirs for that purpose, which he gave to a friend, in order to publish them, but, for reasons unknown, the scheme was laid aside.

An orator, at a meeting during the troubles of the League, began a speech with premising that he should divide the subject he was about to treat of, into thirteen heads. The audience were heard to murmur and to interrupt this formidable beginning. But, continued the orator, to prevent my being too prolix, I shall omit a dozen of them.

Mons. C ——, a man of elegant appearance and fashionable manners, marred all his good qualities by an excess of vanity and ostentation. Not content with aspiring to the title of a gentleman, he assumed the rank of a nobleman. He drove a carriage drawn by two miserable half-starved horses, and a valet was stuck behind in effigy, and made of straw. Being at a public place with this vehicle and attendant, and the carriages as usual following one another with a slow pace, the horses of

the carriage behind that of Mons. C. *ate up the leg of his valet*. On seeing this, a person called out, Take care, driver, or your horses will devour my lord's footman.

In the time of Cardinal Richelieu, in 1638, a man pretended to be the king of Ethiopia. He was probably an impostor, and little of his history is recollected, except the following verses, which were written in the form of an epitaph upon his pretensions.

Cy gît le Roi d' Ethiopie,
Soit original où copie;
Sa mort a évité les debats,
S'il fut roi, ou ne le fut pas.

Here lies the Ethiopian Prince,
Once real or pretended;
Which was the case, Death some days since,
The grand dispute has ended.

Theodore Beza was married three times. The following lines were written on his *triple* alliance, by Pasquier.

Uxores ego tres vario sum tempore nactus,
Cum juvenis, tum vir factus, et inde senex,
Propter opus, prima est validis mihi juncta sub annis,
Altera propter opes, altera propter opem.

In age, youth, and manhood, three wives have I tried,
Whose qualities rare all my wants have supplied.
The first, goaded on by the ardour of youth,
I woo'd for the sake of her person, forsooth:
The second I took, for the sake of her purse;
And the third—for this reason—I wanted a nurse.

Madame D. being ill, though apparently not dangerously so, had four physicians to attend her. Madame D. died. Mons. F. sent the following verses to a friend, who inquired the cause of Madame D's death.

Pourquoi vous étonner, Julie,
Qu'un peu de fièvre et de mélancholie
Aie pu mettre, en cinq jours, mon amante au tombeau?
Avec ce pénétrant génie,
Qui connoit le plus fin de la philosophie,
Pouvez vous rester court dans une chemin si beau,
Et douter du sujet de ce malheur funeste?
Cessez de vous en prendre aux innocens destins;
La cause en est trop manifeste;
Elle avoit quatre médecins.

I wonder, Julia, that your mind,
By deep Philosophy refin'd,
Should start at Anna's knell:
No doubt you thought the spleen and fever
In a few days, perhaps, would leave her,
And she again be well.

I wonder in so plain a case,
You fail'd the real cause to trace,
Of Anna's loss of breath;
No cruel fates ordained her doom,
But *four physicians* in her room
Consign'd the nymph to death.

A SINGULAR COMPLAINT.

The Abbé Cyren amused himself one day with cracking nuts, and in endeavouring to throw the shells through the bars of his chamber window, in which attempt he was seldom or never successful. This failure at length occasioned him to make this curious reflection:—Thus it is that Providence takes a delight in frustrating my designs.

The song of *Gentle Cousin John* is much in vogue; as the Port Folio has the honour to be called a *fashionable* paper, it may be proper to preserve a ballad, which we have heard Mrs. Wignel sing with much archness of expression.

Tell me truly, gentle cousin John,
He is blind, but you can see,
Where is little Cupid gone?
Let him fly, but not to me.
When that wicked brat is flown,
Then good morrow, cousin John.

Love has bow and arrows, gentle cousin John,
Should he aim a shaft at you,
Arrows mortal every one,
That same shaft may wound me too,
When that cruel deed is done.
Then good evening, cousin John.

Love has chains and fetters, gentle cousin John,
Hymen is a cruel knave,
For he puts those fetters on;
Makes his best of friends his slave.
Farewel, love, when this is done,
Then good night, dear cousin John.

To sleep's embrace with joy I fly,
And friendly dreams to lover's dear!
For then his form shall charm mine eye,
For then his voice shall charm mine ear.

No longer then can Fortune's power
Withhold my lover from my sight,
And Fancy in her conquering hour,
With Love shall gild her visions bright.

The *jovial crew*, who "braid their locks with rosy wine, dropping-odours dropping-wine," will read the following Bacchanalian song.

Sung by Mr. Munden.

I 've liv'd a life of some few years,
I 'm forty-four to-morrow;
Once for one smile, I shed three tears,
And mingled joy with sorrow.
Now wiser grown, I scorn to cry,
Tho' tears are wet, and I am dry:
So, if a drop I 've in my eye,
It 's only when the glasses ring,
And jug, jug, jug, the bottles sing.

The friend I trusted, lack-a-day!
Most scurvily abus'd me,
The wife I married ran away,
With him who thus had us'd me.
My grief, too big to let me cry,
Could only tell me sorrow 's dry:
So, if a drop was in my eye,
'Twas when I heard the glasses ring,
And jug, jug, jug, the bottles sing.

Yet think not, though some folks are bad,
Ill usage set me sulking;
From duty's call old Matt 's the lad,
Who ne'er was fond of skulking.
When love for Britain wets my eye,
Like ev'ry tar, my best I 'll try
To thresh her foes, and when I 'm dry,
Drink all her friends, her queen and king,
While jug, jug, jug, the bottles sing.

EPIGRAMS.

On a Lady of execrable temper, who was burnt out at a late fire.

This Dame, of a temper infernally hot,
Should not at her losses be vext;
A scorching perhaps in this world she has got,
A boiling to save in the next.

From the French.

Bufo must sure be doubly blest—
What thousands swell his iron chest!
A handsome wife he has at home;
A mistress should he chuse to roam—
His well-stor'd cellar wine contains,
Would almost turn celestial brains:
And cooks has he whose talents might
The veriest epicure delight.
While beaux esprits, and idlers gay,
Throng round to charm ennui away!
One want supplied would crown the whole:
What wants he then?—He wants a soul.

From the French of Lemasurier.

That Paul's a good doctor, in spite of your gibes,
My friends, I shall ever maintain,
For we know all the patients for whom he prescribes,
He quickly puts out of their pain.

Epigram addressed to a covetous woman, who *rouged* her cheeks, while recovering from the Yellow Jaundice.

Imitated from the French, by Mr. P. Dodd.

Ungrateful slave of gold! what, *blush* to be
The wearer of *your master's livery!*

From the same cause we oft perceive
Different effects arise,
Thus Slop by drugs contrives to live,
While every patient dies.

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk;
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
Still he must talk of Nævia or be mute.
He writ to his father, ending with this line,
I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine.

On seeing a Fox-hunter painted with a book in his hand. *By J. Brennan, Esq.*

Let poets and painters their fancy pursue,
So they keep probability always in view.
But what censure does that silly fellow require,
Who has painted a *book* in the hands of a *squire?*

From morn till eve throughout the day,
My Chloe was serenely gay:
I romp'd with Phillis—all the while
Nothing disturb'd my Chloe's smile.
The next day came—the morning lower'd,
Our schemes were crost, our tempers sour'd,
Still Chloe smil'd—amaz'd I said,
Can nothing vex this lovely maid?
At length, a tooth, by luckless blow,
Was struck from out the pearly row;
Tho' time has long since heal'd the pain,
My Chloe never smil'd again.

TO AN ORANGE TREE.

From the French of the Chevalier de Parny.

Orange tree! whose foliage dark,
Serv'd our transports to conceal,
Let me on thy tender bark
This grand truth to them reveal;
"Who in soft luxurious leisure,
May beside thy stem be laid;
That if man could die with pleasure,
I had died beneath thy shade."

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